And scorneful spight, had spente his gall
on Seas by whyrlynge blaste.
And Gnates belching Fames were stopde
by VENVS louynge Boye:
And tracte of time, ware out of mynde,
all gnawyng cares anoye.
And LETHE gulfde in drenchyng brink
the death of PASIMONDE:
And IPHIGENIA, now discharged
of former vowed bonde.
Did yelde at length with willyng mynd,
to CYMONS gentel hearte:
And by the graunte of wisshed grace,
deuorde his former smarte.
And thus they passde their happy dayes,
in neuer dyynge blysse:
Of whiche, I craue of God, for aye
good Ladies neuer misse.

FINIS.

Amore manco la libertá
Ben fu saggio colui, chi primo
amòre garzon dipinse.
Chiusa fiamma é piu ardente.
Il fuoco ristretto, molto piu
fieramente cuoce.
Che quello, il quale per ampio luogo,
manda le fiamme sue.

The Copy of a letter, lately written in meeter, by a yonge Gentilwoman: to her vnconstant Louer.

With an Admonitiō to al yong Gentilwomen, and to all other Mayds in general to belware of mennes flattery.

By If. VV.

Newly ioyned to a Loueletter sent by a Bacheler, (a most faithfull Louer) to an vnconstant and faithles Mayden.

Imprinted at London, by Richarde Jhones dwelling in the vpper end of Fleetlane: at the Signe of the spred Egle.

¶ THE PRINTER TO the Reader.

What lack you Maister mine?
some trifle that is trew:
Why: then this same will serue your turne
the which is also new.

¶ Do yf you minde to reade,
some Fables that be fained:
Buy this same Boke, and ye shall finde,
such in the same contained.

¶ Perchaunce my wordes be thought,
vncredible to you:
Because I say this Treatise is,
both false and also true.

¶ The matter of it selfe,
is true as many know:
And in the same, some fained tales,
the Auctor doth bestow.

¶ Therfore, bye this same Boke,
of him that hære doth dwell:
And you (I know) wyll say you haue
bestowed your mony well.

¶ Farewell

BIBLIOTECA BODLEIANA

I. W.

To her vnconstant Louer.

As close as you your wedig kept
yet now the trueth I here:
Whych you (yer now) might me haue (told
what nede you nay to swere:

you know I alwayes wisht you wel
so wyll I during lyfe:
But sith you shal a Husband be
God send you a good wyfe.

And this (where so you shal become)
full boldly may you boast:
That once you had as true a Loue,
as dwelt in any Coast.

Whose constātnesse had neuer quailed
if you had not begonne:
And yet it is not so far past,
but might agayne be wonne.

If you so would: yea and not change
so long as lyfe should last:
But yf that needes you marry must:
then farewell hope is past.

And if you cannot be content
to lead a single lyfe:
(Although the same right quiet be)
then take me to your wife.

So shall the promises be kept,
that you so firmly made:
Now chuse whether ye wyll be true,
or be of SINONS trade.

Whose trade if that you long shal vse,
it shal your kindred stayne:
Example take by many a one
whose falshood now is playne.

As by ENEAS first of all,
who dyd poore DIDO leaue;
Causing the Quene by his vntrueth
with Sword her hart to cleaue.

Also

Also I finde that THESEVS did,
his faithfull loue forsake:
Stealyng away within the night,
before she dyd awake.

IASON that came of noble race,
two Ladies did begile:
I muse how he durst shew his face,
to them that knew his wile.

For when he by MEDEAS arte,
had got the fleece of Gold
And also had of her, that time,
al kynd of thyngs he wolde.

He tooke his Ship and fled away
regardyng not the vowes:
That he dyd make so faithfully,
vnto his louing Spowes.

How durst he trust the surging Seas
knowing himselfe forsworne?
Why dyd he scape safe to the land,
before the ship was borne?

I think king Aeolus stayd the winds
and Neptune rulde the Sea:
Then might he boldly passe ỳ waues
no perils could him stea.

But if his falsehed had to them,
bin manifest before:
They wold haue rent ỳ ship as soone
as he had gon from shore.

Now may you heare how falsenes is
made manyfest in time:
Although they that cõmit the same
thinks it a veniall crime.

For they, for their vnfaithfulnes,
did get perpetuall fame:
Fame: wherfore dyd I terme it so?
I should haue cald it shame.

Let Theseus be, let Jason passe,
let Paris also scape:
That brought destruction vnto Troy
all through the Grecian Rape.

And

And vnto me a Troylus be,
if not you may compare:
with any of these parsons that
aboue expressed are.

But if I can not please your minde,
for wants that rest in me:
Wed whom you list, I am content,
your refuse for to be.

It shall suffise me simple soule,
of thee to be forsaken:
And it may chance although not yet
you wish you had me taken.

But rather thē you shold haue cause
to wish this through your wyfe:
I wysh to her, ere you her haue,
no more but lasse of lyfe.

For she that shal so happy be,
of thee to be elect:
I wish her vertues to be such,
she nede not be suspect.

I rather wish her HELENS face,
then one of HELENS trade:
with chastnes of PENELOPE
the which did neuer fade.

A LVCRES for her constancy,
and Thisbie for her trueth:
If such thou haue, then PETO be
not PARIS, that were rueth.

Perchance, ye will think this thing,
in on woman to fynd: (rare
Saue Helens beauty, al the rest
the Gods haue me assignd.

These words I do not spek, thinking
from thy new Loue to turne thee:
Thou knowst by prof what I deserue
I nede not to informe thee.

But let that passe: would God I had
Cassandraes gift me lent:
Then either thy yll chaunce or mine
my foresight might preuent.

But

But all in vayne for this I seeke,
wishes may not attaine it
Therfore may hap to me what shall,
and I cannot refraine it.

Wherfore I pray God be my guide
and also thee defend:
No worser then I wish my selfe,
vntill thy lyfe shal end.

Which life I pray God, may agayne,
King Nestors lyfe renew:
And after that your soule may rest
amongst the heauenly crew.

Therto I wish King Ferris wealth,
or els King Crœsus Gould:
With as much rest and quietnesse
as man may haue on Mould.

And when you shall this letter haue
let it be kept in store:
For she that sent ye same, hath sworn
as yet to send no more.

And now farewel, for why at large
my mind is here expreſt:
The which you may perceiue, if that
you do peruſe the reſt:

FINIS. If. VV.

The admoniſion by the Auctor,
to all yong Gentilwomen: And to
al other Maids being in Loue.

YE virgins ỹ from Cupids tentes
do beare away the ſo yle
whoſe harles as yet wt ragínge
moſt paynfully do boyle. (loue

To you I ſpeake: for you be they,
that good aduiſe do lacke:
Oh if I could good counſell geue
my tongue ſhould not be ſlacke?

But ſuch as I can geue, I wyll.
here in few wordes expreſſe:
Which if you do obſerue, it will
ſome of your care redreſſe.

Beware

Beware of fayre and painted talke,
beware of flattering tonges:
The Mermaides do pretend no good
for all their pleasant Songs.

Some vse the teares of Crocodiles,
contrary to their hart:
And yf they cannot alwayes weepe,
they wet their Cheekes by Art.

Ouid within his Arte of loue,
doth teach them this same knacke
To wet their hād, & touch their eies:
so oft as teares they lacke.

Why haue ye such deceit in store?
haue you such crafty wile?
Lest craft thē this god knows wold
vs simple soules begile, (soone

And wyll ye not leaue of? but still
delude vs in this wise?
Sith it is so, we trust we shall,
take hede to fained lies.

Trust not a man at the fyrſt ſight,
but trye him well beforе:
I wiſh al Maids within their breſts
to kepe this thing in ſtore.

For triall ſhal declare his trueth,
and ſhow what he doth think:
whether he be a Louer true,
or do intend to ſhrink.

If SCILLA had not truſt to much
before that ſhe dyd trye:
She could not haue ben clene forſake
when ſhe for help did crye.

Or yf ſhe had had good aduice
Nilus had liues long:
How durſt ſhe truſt a ſtranger, and
do her deare father wrong.

King Nilus had a Haire by fate
which Haire while he dyd kepe:
He neuer ſhould be ouercome,
neither on Land nor depe.

The

The straūger that ỹ Daughter lou'd
did warre against the King
And alwaies sought how ỹ he might
them in subiection bring.

This Scylla stole away the Hayre,
for to obtaine her wyll:
And gaue it to the Straunger that,
dyd straight her father kyll.

Then she, who thought her self most
to haue her whole desyre: (sure
Was cleane reiect, and left behind
when he dyd whom retyre.

Or if such falshood had ben once,
vnto Oenone knowne:
About the fieldes of Ida wood,
Paris had walkt alone.

Or if Demophoons dereite,
to Phillis had ben tolde:
She had not ben transformed so,
as Poets tell of olde.

Hero

Hero did trie Leanders truth,
before that she did trust:
Therfore she found him vnto her
both constant, true, and iust.

For he alwayes did swim the Sea,
when starres in Skie did glide:
Till he was drowned by the way
nere hand vnto the side.

She scrat her face, she tare her Heir
(it greeueth me to tell)
When she did know the end of him,
that she did loue so well.

But like Leander there be fewe,
therfore in time take heede:
And alwayes trie before ye trust,
so shall you better speede.

The little fish that careless is,
within the water cleare:
How glad is he, when he doth see,
a Bayt for to appeare.

He thinks his hap right good to bee,
that he the same could spie:
And so the simple foole doth trust
to much before he trie.

O little Fish what hap hadst thou:
to haue such spitefull Fate:
To come into ones cruell hands,
out of so happy State:

Thou diddst suspect no harme, when
vpon the bait didst looke: (thou
O that thou hadst had Linceus eies
for to haue seene the hooke.

Then hadst thou w̄ thy prety mates
bin playing in the streames|
Wheras syr Phebus dayly doth,
shew forth his golden beames.

But sith thy Fortune is so yll
to end thy lyfe on shore:
Of this thy most vnhappy end,
I minde to speake no more.

But

But of thy Felowes chance that late
such pitty thee did make:
That he from Fishers hooke did spitt
before he could him take.

And now he pries on every baite,
suspecting still that pricke:
(For to lye hid in euery thing)
wherewith the Fishers stricke.

And since the Fish that reason lacks
once warned doth beware:
why should not we take hede to that
that turneth vs to care.

And I who was deceiued late,
by ones vnfaithfull teares:
Trust now for to beware, if that
I liue this hundreth yeares,

FINIS. If. VV.

A Loueletter,

A Loueletter, or

an earnest perswasion of a Louer: sent of late to a yonge Wayden, to whom he was betrothed.

Who afterward being ouercome with flattery, she seemd vtterly to swerue from her former promise without occasion, and so to forsake him.

By VV. G.

A Loueletter,

sent from a faythful Lover: to an vnconstant Wayden.

AS dutie wils, so nature moues,
thy frend these lines to wright:
wherin thy fraude, (O fatchelle
I minde to bring to light. (thou)

Can plighted faith, so firmly pight,
without desert be moued?
Or should the man that faithfull is,
so slenderly be loued?

Should hate his guerdon thus re-
in place of thy good will? (ceiue
Should rigor raign within thy breast
to banquish reasons skyll?

Should faith to falshod so be chaunged
(alas) the greater ruthe
when double dealyng is preferd,
before a perfect truthe?

If cale such hap, as recompence,
vnto your friend you yelde?
What Bulwarke canst thou clayme,
gainst Gods thy selfe to sheilde?

Can they that sit in hauty Heauens
such couert gilt abyde?
Or are they parcial now deemst thou?
is Iustice throwne a syde?

Nay iust are they, and iustice styll,
as iust, they iustly vse:
And vnto them, as giltiesse then,
canst thou thy selfe excuse?

No, no, not so, for they beholde,
thy double deades, be sure:
No forged style, nor flatt'ryng phrase
their fauour may allure.

No gifts, no golde, can them corrupt
such iustice there doth raigne:
And they that disobey their heastes,
are subiect vnto payne.

Thels

These are no nouel newes I tell,
the proofe is playnly knowne:
To such as do offend their wils,
their powze forth are showne.

To see thy conscience, gylty is,
thy faithles fraude they see:
And thinkste thou then, this gilt of
can vnrewarded bee: (thine,

A

O faith, think not so far to wish,
from reasons lymyts pure:
But iudg thy selfe, what iustice they
to sinfull ones inure,

And thy selfe such domb, shalt geue,
as gilty shalt thou finde:
Therfore relent, and once agayne,
thy grudging conscience minde.

Which vnto Gods that sacred are,
as gilty thee bewray:
In place of fraude, let faith & trueth
with thee now beare the sway.

Reuoke and call to memory,
the fruits of friendship showne:
Perpend in mind, my torments strong
my playnts and penstiue mone.

Which fiue yeares long, as pacionate
to carpyng yoake of care:
I vod for thee, as thou thy selfe,
I know canst wel declare.

Remēber thou the plaints & teares,
which I powrd foorth for thee:
And ponder well the sacred vow,
that thou hast made to mee.

Which vow gaue comfort to thi frend
that subiect serued to griefe:
Thou gauest thy selfe a pledg to me,
thy faith was my releefe.

But now what helyth hagge? (alas)
hath tournde thy loue to hate:
Or els what whelpe of HYDRAS
in thee hath wrought debate. (kind
Alas

Alas, wilt thou dispoyle me quight,
of my possessed ioye:
Or wilt ỹ plunge me headlong thus,
to gulphes of great annoye:

Who would a thought (alas)
such fraude to rest in thee:
Who wold haue deemd without deserte
thy hart should change from mee:

Whose hart hath couchd his tent,
within my couert brest:
And thine I hopte, of me thy friend,
likewise had ben possest.

But wauering minds I plainly see,
so compassed with guile:
Pretend by slyghts, the perfect loyes,
of frindes for to exile.

O, should a prating Parasite, so egge
thee with disdayne:
That thou the presence of thy friend
through flattery should refrayne:

Not

Not vouching once to speake with him
whose hart thou hast in hold:
Sith liking same hath graunted
should loue so soone be cold. (grace

Consider these my letters well,
and answer them agenne:
For I thy friend in couert zeale,
this time hath closd my penne.

Farewel, a dieu tenthousand times,
to God I thee commend:
Beseching him his heauenly grace,
vnto thee still to send.

Thy friend in wealth, thy friend in woe,
Thy friend while lyfe, shal flytt me froe:
And whilst that you, inioy your breath,
Leaue not your friend, vnto the death:
For greater praise cannot be wonne,
Then to obserue true loue begonne.

FINIS. VV. G.

Imprinted at London, by
Richard Jhones.

R. W.

Against the wilfull Inconstancie of his deare Foe E. T. Whiche Example may iustly be a sufficient warnyng for all Yongmen to beware the fained Fidelytie of vnconstant Maydens.

ALL youthful Wights at lyberty
whom LOVE did neuer thrall,
I wish that my decay may bee,
a warnyng to you all:

That haue a soare bred in my Wyll
although it be not strange:
Yet wyll it bryng mee to the Graue
without some sodaine change.

For I by Sute haue serued one
two yeares and somwhat more,
And now I can no longer serue
my hart it is so sore.

B. Whiche

Whiche hart I let to Vserie
through gredie fond desire:
Not doubting to receiue home twain
when I would them requyre.

But if that euerie Vserer
had such good hap as I,
There would not be so many men
would vse this Vserie.

My Debtor hath deceyued mée
for she is from mée fled:
And I am left among the Wyers
to bryng a Foole to Bed.

So that I séely man remayne
eche day in doubtfull case:
For DEATH doth dayly lye in wayte
to rest me with his Mace.

And cast mée into Prison strong
the Doore is made of Grasse:
And I might bles my houre of birth
if it were come to passe.

For lo my carefull choyce doth chose
to kéepe mée styll in thrall,
And doth regard my loue no more
then Stone that lyes in wall:

Wher-

Wherby I see that Womens hartes
are made of Marble Stone
I see how careleſſe they can bée
when penſiue men do mone.

I ſowed both pure and perfect ſéede
on fayre and pleaſant grounde
In hope though haruell brought ſom
ſom profit might bée found. (pain

But now the Haruell ended is
and for my faythfull Séedes
And all my payne and labour paſt:
I haue nought els but Wéedes.

I thruſt my hand among ỹ Thornes
in hope the Roſe to finde.
I prickt my hand and eke my hart
yet left the Roſe behynde.

Not I, but many more I knowe
in Loue do lacke reléefe,
But I as cauſe doth mée compell,
do wayle my payne and griefe.

I doubtleſſe can not bée the firſt
That Loue hath put to payne,
Nor yet I ſhall not be the laſt
that Women wyll diſdayne.

The true harted R. VV.

If I poore wretch should think vpon
the paynes that I haue past:
Or if I should recount the cares,
that she hath made me taste

Into Dispayre it would mée driue,
and cleaue my hart in twaine:
Or els bereaue me of my Wittes
to thinke vpon the payne.

I neuer spent one day in Joye
my carefull hart doth know,
Since first I lent my Loue to her
by whom my griefe doth growe.

There are no greater paynes assignd
for dampned Ghostes in hell:
Then I do suffer for her sake,
that I do loue so well.

The Pryce that I haue paid for loue
not many men do gyue.
But I my Bargayne shall repent
as longe as I do lyue.

I payde for loue and that full deere
yet I receyue right nought,
I neuer was so much deceyued
in any thynge I bought.

To the vnconstant E. T.

If euerie woman on her friend
such vitie vse to take,
Then shortly men wyll ron to loue,
as Beares vnto a stake.

But now let VENVS fire her forge
let CVPIDS shafte be sent:
They can no more encrease my woe
for all my Loue is spent.

But here good Reader thou maist see
how Loue hath paide my hyre,
To leaue mæ burnyng in the flame,
compelo to blow the fyre.

But if that thou good frende desire
to lyue in happy state:
Then sæke in time til thou mist hap,
Repentance comes too late.

Frequent not womens company
but fæe thau from them swarue
For thy Reward shall be but smal,
whatsoeuer thou deserue.

Take hæde for y maist come in the all
Before that thou beware:
And when thou art entangled once
thou canst not flie the snare.

Take